

2Pac Lyrics

"Breathin'"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?
Tell me, nigga, tell me
Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?

[2Pac:]

Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'
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[2Pac:]

Woke up with 50 enemies plottin' my death
All 50 seein' visions of me shot in the chest
Couldn't rest, nah, nigga, I was stressed
Had me creepin' 'round corners, homie, sleepin' in my vest
Shit, I'm like a hostage on this troubled block; call the cops
A thug nigga screamin', "Westside!", bustin' double Glocks
Hittin' corners in my Chevy Suburban
Liquor got me drivin' up on the curb
Hand on the steerin' wheel, swervin'
Bless me, Father, I'm a sinner, I'm livin' in hell
Just let me live on the streets
'Cause ain't no peace for me in jail
Gettin' world-wide exposure
With a bunch of niggas that don't give a fuck
Ridin' as my soldiers
I just release 'em on a war path, not your average dealer
Westside, Outlaw; Bad Boy killer
Complete my mission, my competition no longer beefin'
I murdered all them bustas
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[2Pac:]

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[Young Noble:]

Make sure I hold my position, stand firm in the dirt
For all my soldiers gone, we burnin' the Earth
Outlawz, worldwide, we packed the block
Shootin' rocks at the kid, I'll bust back for Pac
Ask Yak, he'll tell you that it's hell down here
Stale down here, too many jails down here
Why you act like you don't hear me? Young Noble
Outlaw 'til these motherfuckers kill me; I'm still breathin'

[Napoleon:]

Now, we was raised, "Fuck this life," my wrongs, my rights
Holdin' on a tight grip, with death in my sight
And the dark is my light, I'm cynical, sleep walkin' as a true
Walk around town, with a pound full of bitter food
Came a long way from my born day
Dead away where there's war play
Fuck friends! I'll say, rather die for my A-K
With these fag ass niggas, see-through-glass ass niggas
Only-ride-my-dick-and-the-skin-of-my-mash ass niggas

[2Pac:]

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[Kastro:]

I walk around with a knife in my back
Talkin' 'bout a bad day; I live a life like that
It's severe, and I'm losin' my hair, bless a hooligan
Catch me, I'm fallin' out flat, yo, I'm ruined, and
Breathin' in sewer stench, no one give a fuck about me
I learned to like it like that when I was still in Mommy
The side of the city that the Devil run from
In the belly of the beast
That's where the fuck we come from; and still I'm breathin'!

[E.D.I. Mean:]

And still I'm totally wasted, they want me to face this
Just lost two of my closest na'r, one of y'all can take this
But I'm Makaveli trained, simple and plain
We number one, motherfucker, 'bout to do it again
Shit, Pac still doin' it, you hoes can't ruin it
Two million every time he drop, I know you fuckers losin' it
We movin' in, for the kill, for a meal, holdin' steel
Hold the wheel
I'm 'bout to give these niggas something they can feel
Fakin' real, but we the raw and uncut
Style-bitin' thug lyin' niggas, give it up!
We hit 'em up

[E.D.I.:]

And we still breathin' and we still breathin'...

(Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?)

[2Pac:]

Tell 'em! Nigga, tell 'em! (And we still breathin'...)
Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?

[2Pac:]

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